

This is not Berk

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Summary: I never thought I could get so lost on my own island. One day, I took Toothless out flying, only to return to a very different Berk than I left. The land is the same, but where did all of the buildings and people go? How did I get here and how do I return home?

This is not Berk

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**\*\*Admittedly,** I am nervous about posting my first fanfic on this site in ages. So I hope you all enjoy this oneshot.**\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Dad is going to kill me," I said to the black dragon. He looked at me for only a second before turning his attention forward. I knew the dragon knew what I said, I just did not know if he understood what I meant. I had the feeling that if I could understand him, he'd say something along the lines of: <em>Your dad is not going to kill you<em>. Of course my dad, despite being a Viking, wasn't going to really kill me, though I know that his punishment might come close enough for me to wish I was dead. I sighed. If I were to meet dad right now, I would probably protest something along the lines of bad wind slowing down Toothless or faulty directions, like he would buy such lame excuses like that. Truth was that sometimes I do lose track of time. Time does fly it seems.

"Okay, we've got at least five more leagues before we head home, Bud." I called to him. I silently prayed to Thor and Odin that maybe, just maybe my father was not having his full attention on me today. I should really stop having a \_realistic \_view of my chances.

We arrived over the island of Berk, the name of both the island and

the largest settlement upon it, sooner than I expected. With a change of my posture and with the pull of the right mechanisms, I signaled to Toothless to slow down to prepare for landing. That was when I noticed there was something very, very distressing about the island. "Bud, where's the village?" I asked him. Where I had expected there to be wooden houses and the familiar Viking accessories and trophies, there was nothing but an expanse of trees and large boulders dotting the landscape. though it wasn't exactly barren and empty of anything else either. Wild dragons roamed in place of the villagers, their large nests where I remember there being houses.

I looked further. The former Kill Ring still seemed to be there, but I could not get a better look at it from this distance. Below us, I noticed that a large number of the dragons seemed to be moving back and forth from a large, cave that was in the same place the Great Hall used to be. The layout of the land appeared to be the same, but that just served to make the whole scene look more bizarre.

The next thing I noticed that it was very dark outside. Which was odd because I could have sworn to Baldr \_and\_ Freyr that only a moment ago that it was still afternoon. Were my time keeping skills really that bad the moment I got on Toothless's back?

Boy, this was all getting weird. What happened? Where did everybody go?

And just as if on cue, I heard the blow of a loud horn. I turned by eyes back to source of the noise, the sea, and saw masses upon masses of long ships, far more than I ever saw docked at my home. And on each of those boats, illuminated by the dim torchlight, I could see a large number of Vikings, all dressed for battle, their weapons readied and armor. I instructed Toothless to take us high as possible yet still be able to see what was going on, I had a feeling I knew what was going to happen next and I did not want to be anywhere near it.

Dragons, a pack of Monstrous Nightmares, their skin blazed as they ignited their skins, dived at the boats and blew gouts of flame at a single boat, one of the ones in the far edges. Its crew abandoned it without hesitation and made a desperate rush to swim to the shoreline. I knew most of them would not make it home. Its sister ships tried to avenge their fallen with several volleys of flaming arrows, directed at the fiery dragons.

Other dragons in the nest took notice of the conflict and the nests went into an uproar of well roars. I could see themselves organizing themselves into two groups. Even from as far up as I was, I could distinctly tell that most of the younger and weaker dragons were fleeing for their lives, taking to the air and putting as much distance between them and the battle that was ensuing on the shore. Others did the exact opposite and rushed their way towards the Viking ships, fires burning.

Then the Vikings landed on shore. The invading warriors all gave simultaneous battle cries and charged at the defending dragons. It didn't take much to predict that the casualties on both sides would be intense. Maybe this was some sort of historical event? My tribe, unofficially called the Hairy Hooligans did not always live on Berk, so maybe this was a \_live\_ history lesson?

That was when I saw him. He was unmistakable even amongst the Viking hordes. I saw him by his beard, this utterly reddish blond massive thing that went all the way down to his belt. I didn't need much more than that to know he was: Stoic the Vast, Chieftain of the Island of Berk, my father. I saw one of the Monstrous Nightmares that started the engagement land near my dad only to die shortly afterwards. Unless my ancestors tended to have a strong family resemblance, my theory of this being an event in the distant past were shot down.

The Vikings marched through the nesting grounds with an unrelenting zeal that was only matched by the defense of their homes that I had come to expect of them. All of the warriors made a beeline straight towards the large cave that in a reversed situation would have been the center of power. The Vikings that made their way into the large cave made their exist as quickly as possible, heaving their now apparently filled baskets with them.

That was when it dawned on me what that cave was for. It was a granary, a food store. I knew from my studies of the creatures that dragons tended to be strangely communal in many things they did. I ruled out gold being in that cave as most dragons didn't exactly share that sort of thing with each other. And a large nesting ground like this likely had to have a central food store. Plus it would have just mirrored the situation I had seen back home. Maybe if I followed the Vikings back to their home I'd find they were being led by a fire giant of some sort. That'd be just my luck.

Toothless and I fled. I didn't need to see more. I had seen enough to guess at what was happening. "They're raiding the dragons," I said to Toothless. "My dad, is raiding Berk which is a dragon nesting ground. For food. That's just wrong on so many levels!" The Night Fury gave me a look with one of his large eyes and gave a groan of agreement. We both knew we had to get out of here. It was just too much. We needed to get out, so we left 'town'.

In the distance though, I could see the faint glow of torchlight, one that was far separated from the others from the Viking landing party. Toothless and I were drawn towards the light as if it was beckoning us, telling us that we should have been there and see what was going to happen. With the Vikings having focused on all of their attention the raid, I was pretty sure it was safe enough for me to investigate it.

Going lower on the ground, I could see that the light was coming from a small raft of some sort. On the raft I could see half a dozen different contraptions littered around the float, plus a few bags filled with what I believed to be supplies. Of course, like my father, there was one thing from that boat that just stood out to me. "My bolas launcher!" I gasped.

I beckoned Toothless to land. I needed to see it. The launcher was one of the first inventions I made that actually worked. I made it shoot down dragons from the sky since well, I wasn't strong enough to actually throw a bolas myself. It worked. In fact, it worked so well, that some small part of me had come to regret it. I never used it again, but I never really destroyed it either. In a way, I owed the machine for everything that happened. I met Toothless, I proved my worth my village, my father is proud of me. So my way of thanks for it to make it collect dust in some storage shed. This launcher

was an exact replica of the one I used to bring down Toothless. Right down to the inscription I made to label it was one of my possessions: "Property of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III if found please return." Of course that brought up an important implication: if my launcher was here, then that implied that the raft and everything on it was \_mine as well. \_Meaning that I apparently brought as much stuff all the way from home on a raft as possible then left to go sailing to an island full of dragons.

I shuddered to think about what kind of boy would do something like that. "A really desperate boy," I answered myself. It had seemed like years, now that I thought about it. Back then, I was willing to do anything if it meant I could get my father's affection or the village's admiration. And looking on it, I realized that onâ€| this Berk, I would have done exactly what this Hiccup did.

In the trees, I could see there was a dimmer light shine off in the distance. I beckoned Toothless to come after me. I had a feeling that I knew who were going to be following.

I couldn't tell how much time had we spent following the light, but as it gradually it grew brighter, I knew we weren't far off from meeting its source. It stopped abruptly. Toothless hid behind a large rock and I hid behind him. He was much better at this stealth thing though I wasn't exactly a slouch in that department.

Sure enough I saw what I expected to see. I could see several trees and the very dirt being torn by the blunt impacts that I had come to associate with crashes. And then we saw them. Or should I say \_us\_? Yes, us, I saw myself a torch and a knife in hand standing over a downed and entangled Night Fury. I looked at Toothless and both of us knew the same questions were playing out in our heads.

"I have done, it," I heard myself self say. Did I really sound like that when I said it? "I have felled this mighty beast!" The other me, placed his foot upon the Night Fury only to be knocked off and drop his torch in the attempt to regain his balance. I could see that the Night Fury had awoken and looked at the apparent threat that was my other self. The other Hiccup clutched his knife with both hands and readied himself for his apparent task. "Okay, I'm going to kill you, dragonâ€|" I heard myself say from between deep breaths. "I'm going to kill you, dragon. I'm going to cut your heart out and take it to my father." I heard his breaths grow deeper. I knew \_exactly \_what he felt right now. All you had to do was perform this simple task and your whole life would be set on track. If only it was that easy. "I am a viking." He kept assuring himself, louder and louder to build his confidence.

That was when the similarities to my situation ended. The other Toothless suddenly tore an arm free from his bindings and it lunged at the other me. And as if by reflex the knife in his hand had plunged into the dragon's paw. Both of them were bloodied. The knife was stuck deep in the center of Toothless's paw, but I could tell that it didn't hurt him all that much when he effortlessly tore the dagger with his other paw. And then the dragon proceeded to tear the rest of his bindings.

My counterpart was in worse shape. The swipe and knocked him back and he stumbled over a rock. I saw him twist his left leg in the fall. He clutched his left arm and he gave a groan of pain. Blood was flowing

down from the 3 deep gashes in his arm. I could \_feel\_ his fear.

The other Toothless, free from his bindings, leapt up on top of my counterpart. He was angry and had his claws and teeth ready to tear into my counterpart. "I wonderâ€¦" I heard him say, "if this means I will be made into an einh rjar and see Mom again. I died in battle against a dragon, that has to count for something right?" He laughed as tears rushed down his eyes. "I heard Helheim is also pretty peaceful for a place guarded by dragons."

I wanted to help myself, to save him, yet, I had a distinct feeling in the pit of my stomach that told me that I should not. That I had to let this specific event unfold as if I was not here, watching everything. I looked at Toothless, and from the pained contortions of his face, I could tell, he too wanted to do something, yet found himself unable to act.

The other Toothless raised its claw handed. All of us were staring at the event that was about to unfold. I could not close my eyes. The dragon roared andâ€¦ nothing happened. He dropped his paw and backed away from the other Hiccup. The boy passed out in a second after that, which meant that unless he got help soonâ€¦ he likely to die from blood loss. I still could not move. Toothless, my Toothless, however, seemed however to have the power to step out of the shadows.

The other Toothless noticed my companion and was shocked into a defensive stance. I could tell however he was very confused and startled from the appearance of another Night Fury. The other Toothless roared out a challenge which I believe was an attempt to ask for the identity of the other.

My Toothless just circled around him, unafraid. He stopped right next to my fainted other. He made a few sounds with his mouth and tapped slightly the wounded arm.

The other Night Fury sounded more aggressive and hostile. I got the distinct feeling that he had rebuffed my companion'sâ€¦ statements in myâ€¦ favor. This was going to be a headache I just knew. Toothless nodded his head and simply showed the other Night Fury his tail. Which prompted him to look at his own. The left part of it was missing, and that visibly seemed to rattle the once hostile Night Fury. I got the distinct impression that he was questioning my friend for answered.

Toothless just pointed to my fallen self and with a few growls and sounds from his mouth left our two alternates to themselves and the other Night Fury drew close to the other me.

I just looked at Toothless, surprised and full of questions. He just won an argument against himself, I imagine. He just smiled and gave a lick to my face. I just responded with a small laugh on my behalf. This whole situation was just confusing no matter how you thought of it. A couple of things are different, yet so much stayed the same. How did we end up getting stuck in this place any ways.

I sighed, I just didn't care about that right now. Maybe when I didn't have to worry about dad grounding meâ€¦ literally for a week I'd give more thought to the matter. "You done with this place, bud?" Toothless nodded in agreement. "Yeah, let's get out of this place." I

climbed on to his back and we flew.

\* \* \*

><p>What had once been a dark night shifted into a clouded afternoon the moment we left the ground. This time, I wasn't so surprised by the change in time. Once we were high enough off the ground, I could see familiar buildings all of them assembled in the right places. Everything seemed peaceful, exceptâ€¦ for a loud roar. One that to this very day haunted my nightmares. That was when I noticed a few odd things. First and for most is that there was a deep fog that covered the sea about one league away from the docks. Second was that all of the raiding longships were nowhere to be found. Third, half the town seemed to be missing, mostly just the men.<p>

Like the last time, there was an eerie familiarity to the whole thing, yet the differences just made things more bizarre. I turned back to the fog, eager for answers. Out in the distance, several ships revealed themselves. Berk ships. Their hulls were charred and burned, sails were missing and destroyed, and their crew replaced by dragons. I blinked at the odd sight. Since when did dragons have ships? Behind these ships was a whole flock of dragons. I could not count how many there were. I felt my blood go ice cold. Did the entire fleet get destroyed? What happened to my father? What was going to happen now?

I took a deep breath and saw where the dragonâ€¦ fleet was heading. They were going to try to land at the docks. On the docks were a large number of villagers, all of them were dead silent, I figured they were all stunned like I was. That's how I'd react to ships steered by dragons coming at me. Except thatâ€¦ it apparently didn't paralyze meâ€¦ I saw another me emerge from the crowd, pushing and yelling people and of the way. He ran down one of the piers and faced the horde himself. And I could hear him curse the skies with obscene profanities and what sounded like actual curses.

In response, the dragons began moving faster, those that were flying pulled ahead of the ships and the first amongst them wasâ€¦ a thunderdrum. It gave a loud roar signalling an attack. Any dragon that could launched a long range ball of fire from its mouth. At this sight, the villagers fled the dock area in a panic. Except me. My other self just stood there, his knees bending down. He was going to die if I didn't do anything to save him.

I ordered Toothless to dive down as fast as he could. He complied. It was just in the nick of time that we did, for as soon as we swept myself off his feet, the pier under him exploded. However we didn't come out of that blast unscathed. The artificial tailfin I had made for Toothless was set alight and our ability to fly was now limited to how long it took for the tailfin to burn to become useless. That was when Toothless and I both decided to make a controlled crashâ€¦ right into a small fishing boat.

Thank Odin that neither us nor the ship seemed to suffered any damage. I noticed there was something around his wrists, they wereâ€¦ chains of some sort. I wondered why he had them on andâ€¦ if he would have liked them removed. Before I can ask about them, the other me choked a breath as he recovered from the crash. "Whoâ€¦" he said. "Are you?"

"I'mâ€¦ youâ€¦" I said. "Sort ofâ€¦" I turned to my dragon. "And this is Toothless."

The other me looked fearfully at Toothless. "He'sâ€¦ a natural dragon." I heard him say. "Not a cursed norseman? Or other man?"

"Uh, Toothless? Are you a..uhâ€¦ natural dragon?" Toothless nodded yes, seemingly smug about that fact. And my counterpart gave a small chuckle. I don't think I understood what they were talking about, but it seemed amused them. I knew of some stories of from my father about transformations like that. Mostly about a man named Fñir who was turned into a dragon for his greed. Though I didn't exactly believe that happenedâ€¦ Gods and trolls were easier for me to get; men turning into dragons, that's another thing. Though if men we being forcibly turned into dragons, did that meanâ€¦ I shuddered at thought. "I can honestly say, I never thought I'd be asking that question."

The other me gave a sigh. "I take it then that is not your Berk then?"

I nodded a yes. "I've been flying for some time, then I found myself hereâ€¦ now I just want to get homeâ€¦ but I couldn't just wellâ€¦ leave myself to die." Toothless on reflex, kept slapping his flaming tailfin on the ground until the fire went out. It appeared the flames hadn't rendered the device inoperable.

"That's awfully kind of you," he said. I could tell he was being sarcastic. Maybe I should consider cutting back on that. "I was just thinking I should just let myself die since I am so useless, I end up dooming everyone. But you know since I saved my own life, I guess that makes everything fine." He shook his head and he changed his tone to a more serious tone. "Everyone is going to end up either dead or enslaved by â€¦ Him because of me. "

That was then we heard the sound of the thunderdrum's roar. All of us laid flat on our stomachs as we ducked the blow that it dealt. The ship violently rocked. I felt something heavy hit the deck and when we looked up, we saw the remains of the ship's mast. The thing had been blown off from the destructive roar. I was scared.

The other me, as soon as the sound died down stood up. "Dadâ€¦ I know it's you," he said fearfully. I looked up and saw the thunderdrum, angry and full of hate. "He's controlling you dad. Let me help you." He tried to reach out using his enchained arms.

I gulped, having thought of the possibility. When the other me brought up the subject, I started thinking about what was going on. The only time I could remember the whole fleet having gone and returned this wrecked was the time dad got upset at me when he learned about Toothless and he had sought to kill the Green Death or Red Death. Of course, in thisâ€¦ version of things I didn't save him and the Green or Red Death apparently turns people into dragons which it can enslave. That was a horrifying fact. Though that, made me wonderâ€¦ Where was the Toothless of this Berk? Did he get killed? I did not want to think about these things til later.

The thunderdrum, dad gave another roar, knocking the other me down. Before I could get on Toothless and drive dad away, someone else

decided to join in the mess. A Monstrous Nightmare, one that reminded me of another back in my Berk slapped the thunderdrum away with its tail, flinging the sea dragon into the icy depths. Was this Hookfang, my cousin Snotlout's beast of a dragon? If that were the case, where was Snotlout? I didn't see a rider. But I guess my cousin was off fighting dragons since the whole village was full of them.

"Snotlout," I heard the other me say. The statement answered one question, and brought up several others. The dragon was named Snotlout?

The Nightmare landed on the boat, the other me just stared at the beast, his mouth agape. The Nightmare changed in front of me. It shrank, scales changed into hairs, the large curved horns upon its head became a metallic helmet, and its face became something more familiar. Uncomfortably familiar, "Hiccup." the former dragon said. He leapt toward the other me, a key in hand. The former dragon then helped the other me out of his chains. "We gotta get you out here."

"You took the Rite!" Hiccup snapped. "Why? You know that means that you'll be expelled from the village. The only reason I'm still here is because dad wanted to do it at dawn."

"Well, you started it!" Our cousin said, "We had no choice. We needed the power to stand up to any dragon, so we went and did it. If we didn't do it, there wouldn't be a village left for me to be expelled from. Well not like I really needed it, but hey flying is kinda fun. But if I find out that I'm barred from Valhalla because of this, I'm going to blame you."

"We?" Both I and the other me said.

"Astrid, Ruff, Tuff, and Fishlegs. And of course me," said Snotlout, as he pointed at himself. "We all became dragons." Everyone, in the area including Toothless, just looked at Snotlout incredulously. "Look we can deal with the fine details later, 'cause right now we gotta, oh I don't know save Berk. And you're the only one who knows how."

"Wait, wait, is this what you did that got you in trouble? Out right sorcery?" I said to both of them. Snotlout didn't seem to notice that I said anything, even when the other Hiccup turned to look at me.

"Cuz'. I know you're a bit crazy right now, but can we have your mental break down you know after this mess is settled." He said as he looked at me. "You're kinda staring at a mop." Or rather he saw through me maybe I was invisible or something? Or he's just being Snotlout.

"What do I know?" my other self said. "Even with what I did, I will always remain 'Hiccup the Useless'. You said it yo" Snotlout slugged my counterpart with one of his meaty fists. Hard. I could see blood dripping from his nose.

"Hiccup, I know I haven't always been the nicest guy to you," I heard our cousin say as he pointed. "I We need you." That statement hit me like a ton of bricks. I just stood dumb founded. Okay, that



definitely proved that I was in another world. Hearing Snotlout apologize to me, even if it was a different me, gave me a small feeling of pride about as much as when dad accepted me way back when. "You're the only one who knows how to end this."

"You're right," I heard my counterpart say as he turned away from me. He gave a deep breath. "We have to kill Fñir. He is the one who caused all of this. I don't want to do it, but if we are to live, that dragon must die."

Then we all heard a roar, the same roar that started this mess. This time however it came with words. Words loud enough to rattle bones and create waves. \*\*"You weak creatures thought you could oppose me! Now you shall be my slaves. For I, Fñir, Dragon of the Northern Moors, lay claim to your very souls. There is no Valhalla for those who oppose me, no Helheim for those who flee my wrath. Serve me, and I shall spare your pitiful lives!"\*\* And there he was emerging from the fog, a dragon of colossal proportions, far larger than any beast I had ever seen.

"Speaking of" I said to my companions. I shuddered at the thought. A dragon who could change Norsemen into dragons and send them against their own flesh and blood. I do know, that in my heart he had to die. "Shoot at his mouth, dragons aren't exactly fireproof on the insides."

"Fñir is mine," I saw my counterpart nod. "I think I have a plan to beat him."

Snotlout gave a shrug. "Alright, I'll take out my frustrations on your dad." Everyone stared at him, though it still seemed like he still only acknowledged his Hiccup. "Relax, I'm not going to kill your dad but I'm never going to have another opportunity like this. I can beat him up and it'll be the right thing to do!" And with a leap into the air, the dark haired Viking returned into dragon form and flew off.

"This, is where, we part ways it seems," I heard him say.

"I can well do more to help."

He shook his head. "This isn't your fight, this is mine." I heard him say. "You better fly while you still can."

He turned away from me and faced the Green Death, Fñir. I wondered for a moment if this creature, though having different powers than the one in my home, is the same monster. I shook my head, best not to think about this sort of thing. And besides, wasn't Fñir killed by Sigurd on Regin's request? Toothless lowered himself for me to get up on him. It was time to leave this place, and I had a feeling that he, the other me, will do just fine. And we flew.

As we fled the scene, Toothless and I heard that other me speaking, his voice impossibly loud. \*\*"Fñir, son of Hreidmar, Kinslayer. I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, challenge you to a fight to the death. Your Greed drove you slay your own family and threatened the families of others for untold generations. You enslaved mortals and turned them against their loved ones. For your Crimes against both Mankind, Dragonkind, and the Æsir, you shall die this day."\*\*Before we left, I took one last look and I saw a black dot that darted

back and forth and it tried to defeat a mountain. Its speed was incredible and its breath was like lightning.

\* \* \*

><p>Night fell again, we arrived at Berk, again. This time, it was plainly obvious that things wereâ€| different. For starters, I could see that that many of the buildings, including the Gobber's Forge, had changed significantly. Instead of being made of wood and brick, well, now they only seemed to be made of brick, polished white bricks entirely. I did not understand the reason behind this change, but I think I could confidently say it was mostly a cosmetic one.<p>

Toothless and I investigated further. Based on how Snotlout ignored us, I suspected the same would happen here and we simply wouldn't register to anyone who wasn't another us. It would also explain why no one bothered to shoot us down in the two previous scenarios. So I just set Toothless down and we walked.

This time, there did not seem to be anything particularly crazy or anything destructive going onâ€|not like last time any ways. If the Nightfury shapeshifting sorcery version of me was correct, I should try to find the version of me who lived on this Berk. I did not understand the reasoning behind this, but given that's what I had done the last two times, it might work the third time then. To find myself. Assuming I was not out flying, and as long as whatever version of myself I would meet would have the same interests I had, odds were good that I would find myself.

Gobber's Forge was the first place I started. Dragons and all dragon related subjects may have been the thing I am known for the most, but I am if anything else, a blacksmith or more accurately a blacksmith's apprentice. And assuming this other me, was one, then I might find him there. I opened the door and walked. "Whose Der?" I heard my master say. I said a few words mostly a polite greeting and he, like Snotlout ignored me. He turned towards the door, again not noticing that I or Toothless were in his store. "O' for Thor's sake, busted again." He got up and slammed the door with his left hand. Left hand not hook. I could tell it was a prosthetic, one made entirely of iron, but I have never, ever heard of an amputee having a fully functional hand for a replacement before. "Break Time's over I guess."

As deftly as he would his natural hand, Gobber used the replacement to turn these knobs that were placed near the wall opposite the furnace. As soon as he did that, I could feel that the furnace was getting warmer as if that action controlled the furnace. My teacher then twisted another knob, and the lamps in the room all grew brighter at the same time. Also, while not the most startling revelation I seen there, I did note that the Forge was much clearer than the conditions I worked there. Then again, that might just have been the fact that the Forge just seemed, well new. Like it had been recently built. I was taken by surprise by all of these things. Whoever redesigned Gobber's Forge and â€| Gobber himself must have been a really good smith. But none of those things helped me find myself. We left the store, and Toothless and I headed to the Kill Ring.

The inside of the Kill Ring was mostly the same as I remembered it.

Close enough that I could see that nothing there had really changed. What was outside the Ring was another matter. First off, the wooden dome had been replaced by a solid steel frame. This I suspect might have been placed to make it more difficult for anything inside of it to escape. And what had once been flat stone had been chiseled into elevated platforms, ascending in the direction away from the Ring. I did not know the reason for this, but I realized that maybe it must have made it easier for everyone to see at different elevations. I made a mental note to remember this design for the future.

Currently no one seemed to be there, so I could not tell if things on the educational front had changed at all. I sighed, still no Hiccup.

There was one last place I had to check, the one place I knew I would beâ€| or at knew I would return. I went home.

Dad said he once built the house back when Mom was still expecting me. Back when I was little, well littler, that he cut down the trees with his bare hands, and piled them together within a single night as a wedding gift to mom. When I was older Gobber told me the real story, dad spent many weeks trying to get the lumber to build the house. Gobber also made it very clear that dad \_did \_cut trees down with his bare hands because of an iron shortage. Though when mom died, dad spent the better part of his free time making sure that the house still stood. And so it did, the outside was barely changed from how I remembered it.

I took a deep breath. And knocked the door. "Coming Dad!" I heard beyond the door. My other self had been apparently here the whole time. I counted myself lucky. The door opened not a moment later and I stood face to face with myself. As far as I could tell, he looked exactly the same as me, with the except of his left leg, which was made of solid bronze instead of iron and wood. "Oh, another one." I could hear him say dryly. "Come in." he said in a flat tone.

"Uh, yeah, I guess I am here to ask for directions." I said as I stepped in. Toothless came in after me. The other me seemed to be slightly uneasy about him coming in though. Inside I could see that a few things had changed on the inside. Specifically, there was the addition of several new things to the house. By the left wall, there was now a full suit of armor, of a design I had not seen before. It was made of bronze, had a red cape, and a strange looking headdress. Scattered throughout the building there were all sorts of tiny bronze and brassâ€| , statuettes, that hung from the ceiling via short lengths of wires. I recognized that some of them were incredibly small versions of the devices I made before I met Toothless.

"Toothless," my alternate called. "We're going to need notes." I heard a sharp groaning of displeasure coming from somewhere in the house. I had difficulty locating the source of the sound, but I was fairly sure it was a dragon. Although based on the volume, I was fairly sure it was a small one. "I know, I know, you're hungry, but we have to wait for dad before we can have lunch." This alternate Toothless made another growling sound. My counterpart stepped forward and leaned down under the bed and pulled out something from. In his hands was a Terrible Terror, one of the smallest and most common dragons around. I looked at my Toothless and saw he had a look of shock in his face. "Look Toothless, these people here have come a

really long way and might have some really important things for us to know. I need you to write down these things."

The terror chittered something to my counterpart and then to my Toothless. Which apparently started a back and forth conversation between the two one that gradually intensified and resulted in them attempting to murder each other. Thankfully both dragons had their Hiccups with them, or else I might have had to rinse the blood out of my clothes. "Dragonsâ€¦" I said.

"Tell me about itâ€¦ seriously a bragging contest about who's done the most stuff?" He said as he stared into the Terror's eyes. The little dragon grumbled and then went to one of the tables and started writing something in a note book. "I'll have to check them later for Author biasâ€¦ but other than that we should be goodâ€¦"

There were a few questions on my mind, such as: "Soâ€¦ your Toothless can write?" I asked him. "And you can understand him?"

"Yeah, dragonsâ€¦ Seems rather common in most versions of Berk that they have a complex language and are typically smarter than we take them forâ€¦" He said as he took out a note book and flipped through it. "Listen, I wish I could say more, he said, but dad and I have a fishing trip. So I'll try my best to hurry you along."

I nodded in response. I had almost forgotten about that. It was the sole reason I had rushed Toothless to Berk earlier and ended up in this mess of being in Berk but not being in Berk. "Yeah, I got to get home before dad grounds me, literally. He's been looking forward to our trip for weeks now."

"Okay, look the only reason you're here is just so you couldâ€¦ see certain things, different versions of you. Examine a different way your life could have gone." I nodded, he continued. "I don't need to know the details about what goes on your life, but for some cosmic reason imposed upon by Odin, Jupiter, or Ra or something, you need to know what goes on in mine. " I only knew Odin, but I think I understood enough about what he meant. "You're like the fifteenth Hiccup to come by here, so I believe I have a good handle on what's going on. You see two other Berks before this one, they tend to vary, but they always have some sort of very deep impact from what I gathered. You also could not have left to the next Berk without meeting us. I'm still learning about that. You also cannot seem to do anything but interact with your other selvesâ€¦ and sometimes you are compelled not to do so." I nodded.

"My story is this. I was sent to New Rome when I was a kid, since dad got upset at mom's death and wanted me as safe as possible. There I went to school and learned about machining and philosophy, among other things. I was sent back home because my teachers thought it would be nice for me to have a Summer vacation. I get back, I barely knew anyone and there's a dragon attack sinks my transports and the Rome thinks I had died. A year later, Rome learns I reduced dragon attacks when I slew a mountain of a dragon and says I stay to help \_civilize \_my homeland. Though, I am glad I get to stay home now. And Gobber lets me use his Forge since I paid for half the upgradeâ€¦so I can built some fancy stuff when the mood strikes me." He gave a deep breath. "From what I can tell, history, even the things that don't necessarily relate to the Barbaric Archipelago can vary drastically between different Hiccups. Like the fact that most have never heard

of a Second New Roman Empire, you follow?"

I nodded, though I didn't understand some of his words, like I didn't understand what a steam engine was, I had the general idea of what he meant. Things can vary quite a lot such as learning to use magic to be a dragon or having the whole Viking-dragon raiding situation reversed. So I wondered briefly what the Second New Roman Empire was.

That was when we heard a knock on the door. "Unless it's another Hiccup, it seems we are out of time. I wish I could learn about your story, but we do not have the time for it. Look, I don't know if I'm your last stop or not, but just so you know:" He went to the Terrible Terror that was also named Toothless. He patted the little dragon head as if to congratulate him on a good job and the little dragon gave a contented purr. "No matter how things change, some things will always stay the same. We Hiccups will always be outcasts, we will always rise to the challenge, and there will always be a Toothless by our side." I would have corrected him about the sorcerer one, but I simply didn't know enough about him to make a call on that. For all I knew there was a Toothless with version of me, I just never met him. So I just went to the door.

"Thanks for telling us," I said.

"One last thing." he said, before opening the door. I turned. "I have this theory. I think these trips of yours might have some sort of ulterior motive behind them other than just seeing different points of view. Maybe they even influence or perhaps hint at possible future events in your own world." And with that, he didn't delay letting father in.

The other me opened the door. Within a heartbeat, Stoic rushing in to hug his son. "Hiccup, it's time. We've got at least ten years of Father-Son time to catch up on." Dad exclaimed. "Toothless can come, too, just make sure he behaves."

Toothless and I slipped out unopposed. We both knew it was their private time and neither me nor my dragon wanted to interrupt. Maybe with any luck my dad would react the same way. We flew. This time, I knew we were going to the right place.

"Hiccup, it's time." My father yelled. Very angrily at that. "We've got at least ten years of Father-Son time to catch up on and you're late. It has been two whole hours. Where have you been, boy?" Ever since I had killed the Red Death, Green Death, or F3nir according to my Sorcerer self, dad had been wanting to spend as much time as possible with me. Unfortunately as a side effect, this meant that dad really was obsessive about trying to squeeze as much time as possible into these little events.

"Sorry dad," I said. "I got lost, real lost."

"Boy you should learn to carry a map from now on. I thought you were good with directions." Stoic grunted. "Come on, we better get going before sunset. I want to catch dinner before I need it."

Dad borrowed one of the unused fishing barges, one large enough to support two dragons without capsizing. Toothless and Thornado, dad's thunderdrum, watched us patiently as we cast nets and spears into the

great sea. It was relaxing to say the least, even though this all required heavy muscle work, dad was strong enough to cover us both when we needed it.

"Sometimes sonâ€¦" dad said after a while. "I wonder if things wereâ€¦ different."

"What'd you mean dad?" I asked.

"Like if I didn't waste fifteen years wishing for you to be something you weren't," he said solemnly. He gestured to all of me. "It turns out you were exactly what we needed."

I spent a few moments thinking up my response. I was very glad to hear those things from him. When you spend your whole life not living up to your father's expectations like I had, the times you did get it were made all the sweeter. Even if you're like me started making your dad proud in everything you did... I guess I had years of Father to Son appreciation comments to make up for as well. Yet I didn't want us to get overly emotional about it, but at the same time, I knew I had to say \_something\_ to him. "Well, today I've been thinking about some things, tooâ€¦ Like what if Toothless injured me when we first met or if instead of riding dragons, I learned to become one, or maybe if I went to Rome when I was younger."

Dad just laughed at my statements. "Boy, you sure have an active imagination. I wonder where you get it from."

"Nowhere in particular."

Dad gave a hearty belly laugh.. "This is Berk, it rains for nine months and hails the other three. Most people think this place as 'nowhere in particular'." I gave a snort. "Alsoâ€¦ I did think about sending you to Romeâ€¦ Did Gobber tell you?" I blinked, not having expected that response. My dad sighed. "I decided against it when I learned the Hysteric's Chieftain was sending their Heir, Norbert. He is about your age, give or take a winter, but I heard they had a falling out. They call him Nutjob now." I really hoped that Roman me was dead wrong about his theory. Dagur the Derranged was bad enough, if I had to deal with another insane Heir like that, I have no idea what I'd do.

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><p><strong>Author's Notes: <strong> \*\*I've been out of the fanfic writing business for a very long time, so I decided to refresh on it by writing a one shot before I decide on making a full-fledged story. Currently I am amazed that it only took me about a day to write this story and edit it the day later.\*\*

\*\*Alternate Berks and Hiccups were made mostly out of ideas I had, but didn't feel like I had the skill or experience necessary to do them proper justice. So I decided to make a story about Hiccup landing in them and getting a sneak preview. \*\*

\*\*AU Berks as follows:\*\*

\*\*"Vikings Raiding Dragons" was inspired by the idea inverting positions. That plus it allowed the Vikings to act in an invasion like manner as they were known for. Since I inverted the direction of

how dragons and vikings interacted here, I also chose in a sense to invert the interactions between Hiccup and Toothless.\*\*

\*\*"Dragon Sorcery" was a day dream inspired by the fic "I Hear Him Scream" by Rift-Raft among other Hiccup turns into a dragon fics, given a different story and more tied into pre-existing Norse Mythology. Unlike other fics in this genre, Hiccup is not turned into a dragon by Toothless. No, here he chose to get the power he needed. Though I haven't really decided if becoming a Night Fury was the goal or rather an unintentional mishap on his part. Though I did take several artistic liberties. Fñir for instance did not have the power to turn people in other dragons as far as I know, but I decided that making him forcibly change Vikings into Dragons made for a nice contrast between the voluntarily shape changing Hiccup and gang.  
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\*\*"Roman Viking" was inspired by a several documentaries a friend of mine of given about the occupation and colonization of Ancient Germany (or Germania way back when) by the forces of Imperial Rome. Note the reason I made it the Second New Roman Empire is a deliberate use of Alternate History. Mostly to reconcile the fact that Romans did show up one of the How to Train You Dragon Books, even though the Roman Empire really should have been non-existent at that point. Since the Vikings peroid was in the Middle Ages. Comes off the most bland in my opinion because I could not justifiably place more Roman elements in Berk given the story I made up for this version of Hiccup. As a result, I tried and likely did not do a good job of leaving hints. Roman Hiccup is also heavily inspired by book Hiccup with the tiny dragon Toothless and speaking to dragons elements.\*\*

\*\*\*\*I thank you all for your time spent reading this and respectfully ask that you reveiw this work.\*\*\*\*

End  
file.